...re true hearted ...

OR

A Young-man ſent a letter to his Love,
Shewing to her his mind could not remove:
But for true love he love againe doth crave,
If falſe ſhe prove, then he muſt to the Grave.

To the Tune of, *I fancy none but thee alone.*

My loving friend I doe commend
my ſelfe moſt kindly unto you,
Wiſhing your health your joy and wealth
moſt like unto a Lover true,
For Cupids dart, hath ſtruck my he
and I no remedy can finde,
Your love it is, the cauſe of this,
therefore ſweet Love proue not unkind.

Your love ſo ſome, my heart did wound
that I no longer can forbeare,
Till you my love, with it be mou'd,
and that an anſwere I doe heare,
I ſhall not reſt, for I proteſt,
that I doe love you as my heart,
Therefore my deare, let love appeare,
to love againe it is thy part.

If thou ſhould'ſt not what were my let
the time and day I ſhould repent
That ever my love, to thee I ...
my heart with ſorrow ...ld be ſpent,
Becauſe my love, cannot remoue.
but it will breede my deadly paine,
Then ſweet proue kind, that I may find,
for love, ſome love of thee againe.

Or elſe my paine will ſtill remaine,
no joy nor comfort I can haue.
Untill that death hath ſtopt my breath,
and brought my body to the grave,
Thy lovely lookes, are bayteing hookes,
and they ſo faſt haue catcht my heart,
That none but thee, can remedy,
my griefe, my woe, my paine and ſmart.

Seeing in thy hands, my life it ſtands,
conſider well my griefe and mone,
If thou didſt knowe, the griefe and woe,
that I ſuffer for thee alone,
Thy heart I thinke, if it were flint,
it could not chuſe but grant me love,
For I love thee, moſt faithfully,
and till I die Ile not remoue.

So Love adue, thy lover true,
...ll he both heare from thee againe,
Prales for thy health, thy joy and wealth,
hopeing thou wilt not breed his paine,
So I will pray both night and day
the Lord to haue thee in h...
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The ſecond part, To the ſame Tune.

OR

...kind Mai... Anſwer.

...true to thee as *Hero* to *Leander*,
...e be thy love, thou ſhalt be my Commander,
As in my anſwer plainely ſhall be ſhowne,
Let *Hymen* joyne, and then I am thy owne.

THankes love for thy commendations,
unto me ſo kindly ſent,
I it receive with kind embracing,
I'le not braed thee diſcontent.
Though Cupids ſhaft with a ſad draught,
did ayme aright and pierce thy heart,
The wound I'le cure I thee aſſure,
and eaſe thee of that grievous ſmart.

If it be I thy heart have wounded,
'twas a thing to me unknowne,
Be not then in ſorrowes drowned,
for her that bowes to be thy owne,
But reſt in peace, let love increaſe,
I will thee love while I have breath,
I will not part, from thee ſweet heart,
untill that I am forc'd by death.

Thy lot's according to thy wiſhing,
to repent thou haſt no cauſe,
With kind embraces and with kiſſing,
I will keep God Cupids Lawes,
Ere falſe I'e prove, to thee my love,
or doe thee wrong by day or night:
I rather chuſe, my life to loſe,
then wrong my love and hearts delight.

...paine I'le ſtride to eaſe thee,
...t love good comfort take,
...light ſhall be to pleaſe thee,
I'le dye ere I will thee forſake,
But unto thee as true I'le be,
as is the Turtle to his mate,
Whilſt life thou haſt, my love is plac't,
If life thou loſe, my life I'le hate.

Thy plaints and moane I have regarded,
my hand and heart be ever thine,
I have thy love with love rewarded,
as thy hand and heart is mine.
So ſhall it reſt, within my breſt,
I'le entertainment give unto it,
I'le it relieve, I'le not it grieve;
rather loſe my life then doe it.

So with my love and true affection,
I doe now my love commend,
Unto the hands and the protection,
of him that doth all bleſſings ſend,
And ſo I end, thy loving friend,
hath now her love to thee made knowne
In hymens bands, let us joyne hands,
and then my love I am thine owne.

FINIS.

William Truſſwell.

Printed by R. Oulton, for Iohn
younger, and are to be ſold
ſhop in the Old-Baily.